never paint again if I saw much of those hopeless lives that have no remedy. I know of such a dear lad about rny Phil's age who has felt this so sharply that he has given up his happy, lucky, petted life to give himself wholly to share their squalor and unlovely lives—doing all he can, of evenings when his work is over, to amuse such as have the heart to he amused, reading to them and telling them about histories and whatnot —anything he knows that can entertain them. And this he has daily done for above a 3Tear, and if he carries it on for his life time he shall have such a nimbus that he will look top-heavy with it.

** No, you would always have been lovely and made some beauty about you if you had been born there—but I should have got drunk and beaten my family and been altogether horrible ! When everything goes just as I like, and painting prospers a bit, and *he air is warm and friends well and every-thing perfectly comfortable, I can just manage to behave decently, and a spoilt fool I am.—that's the truth. But wherever you were, some garden would grow.

** Yes, I know \Vinchelseaand Rye andLymm andHythe—all bonny places, and Hythe has a church it may be proud of. Under the sea is another Winchelsea, a poor drowned city—about a mile out at sea, I think, always marked hi old maps as ' Winchelsea Dround/ If ever the sea goes back on that changing coast there may be great fun when the spires and towers corne up again. It's a pretty land to drive in.

"I am growing downright stupid—I can't work at all, nor think of anything. Will my wits ever come back to me ?

" And when are you coming back—when will the Lyceum be in its rightful hands again ? I refuse to go there till you corne back. ..."

"DEAR LADY,—

" I nave finished four pictures: come and tell me if they "will do. I have worked so long at them that I know nothing about them, but I want you to see them—and like them if you can.

** All Saturday and Sunday and Monday they are visible. Come any time you can that suits you best—only come.